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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

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NEWS! NEWS!

It was an aphorism of ancient wisdom that "there was no new thing under the sun," but the philosopher who proclaimed this opinion must have been ignorant of the varieties of political interest and the vicissitudes of fashionable life; neither could he have been acquainted with the instability of popular feelings, which are continually presenting some new variation to increase the perplexities of the politician and gratify the propensities of the curious. Had he been gifted with prophetic inspiration, the wise governor of the Jews, who has given his authority to this sentiment, would have denominated the present an age in which "old things were done away and all things had become new."

In the present day the only claim to attention is novelty, and he who can gratify this ruling passion of the multitude may expect a reward similar to that offered by an ancient king to the person who should relieve his satiety by inventing a new pleasure. But anxiety to learn some new thing is always accompanied by a proportionable share of credulity, and the mind, which is ever on the watch for news, is exposed to the numberless deceptions of artifice and fiction. Where it is known that a marvellous and wonderful story will procure a favourable reception the love of truth is frequently sacrificed to the desire of becoming agreeable, and the ear is abused with fictitious narratives which are made and pass current merely from a deficiency of more sterling coin.

A taste for novelty increases by gratification, and like all other pleasures is apt to overrun the limits of propriety. In fashion it is almost a maxim that nothing can be elegant which is not new; and this frivolity of taste has been very happily ridiculed by the story of a man, who having purchased a bonnet for his wife, rode home on a full gallop lest it should be out of fashion before his arrival.

But the rage is not confined to dress. It extends without any discrimination to literature, politics, history; and there are some people whose lives seem spent in learning and communicating some new thing.

No place furnishes more numerous or more ardent inquiries after news and novelty than our own country. Here every man is a politician and feels interest enough to learn the courses of political events, and as a member of the body politic thinks some deference is due to his opinion. Nothing is therefore so

much sought after as the news of the day, and nothing disseminated with so much alacrity and by so many means. Newspapers are established in every section of the country, which detail the politics of the place, and, copying from larger establishments the events of national interest, transmit them in new editions to the country. Every village has its statesmen who are acquainted with the resources and designs of the state, and every two or three cottages are the joint patrons of the country gazette.

But the propensity which in distant villages is somewhat controlled by the paucity of materials is extended and increased in the capital, and flourishes on the abundant supplies which are constantly afforded. There every day furnishes some new occurrence to excite curiosity and some new event to raise expectation. It was not long since the subject of universal solicitude, what was the situation of the European armies, and what the probability of a general engagement. Every little skiff that arrived was questioned for information, and every mail was anxiously opened in expectation of news. It was disclosed by one mail that the next would gratify desire, but the next gave conjecture instead of fact, and promised that the one to follow would assuredly produce the wished-for information. Anxiety increased by delay and the progress of spring confirmed the belief that some momentous event would occur. The mine was laid, it would soon be fired—every body waited with inquietude the tremendous explosion. In this state of suspence a new direction is given to public anxiety. A character of distinguished political eminence is arrested on the frontier, carried to the neighbouring capital and a jury summoned to inquire of his crime. Instantly the only subject of conversation is this interesting trial. The Bulletins of the French Emperor and the manœuvres of Benningsen are entirely disregarded and the whole Union diverted with arguments of counsel and the doings of the court. Fact after fact, statements, pleas, replications and decisions are published without intermission and our numberless editors (or SLANG-WHANGERS as a facetious gentleman* has called them) are busily employed in giving not merely a detail of the cause, but their own wise and sagacious observations on the judges, the jury, the counsel, the witnesses and the prisoner. But in a moment this mighty affair looses its interest. An occurrence of greater moment electrifies the continent and supercedes our attention to Burr or Bonaparte.—A rash and outrageous attack is made on the national sovreignty and he must be an alien in his own land in whom it does not create a proper sensibility.

It might be expected that this *rerum novarum cupiditas*, this love of *news*, which is so irresistible on common occasions and inferior topics, would burn with ardor in an event of such material interest to the nation. This indeed is the fact. But *news* must be told if it be only for the pleasure of contradicting it.—Accordingly, at one time we hear that the *gallant* commodore is skulking privately to Washington, and the next, that he is very *heroically* bombarding the town of Norfolk; at one time we are informed that he resolutely stops every vessel in the Chesapeake and sends them to Halifax for adjudication; and then again, that he merely visited them in a friendly style just to beg from

* Mustapha Rub-a-dub ali Kahn. *See Salmagundi.*

their politeness the conveyance of a letter.

A foreigner was remarking to the Wanderer on this anxiety of his countrymen for a knowledge of the news. It undoubtedly arises (said he) from the nature of your government, for in a free commonwealth every man is especially interested in the administration and must feel the operation of its measures. A people accustomed to despotism, may change masters without loss, but where the consent of the governed is the sovereign authority, the people are interested to inquire into the causes that may in any way infringe it. But the habit spreads to inferior concerns, and is sometimes ludicrous. I went the other day (continued he) into State Street, a croud were collected at the post office. A vessel had arrived and they *anticipated* news; unfortunately none was received. A few moments after gathered a still greater croud, and I learnt that a handbill was received from Norfolk, which some strong-lunged orator was reciting to the multitude; finding it impossible to break through the thick array of these throng'd legions, I waited with patience till they should begin to disperse, but as I found them immediately collecting in a new quarter, my only chance was to croud with the rest, but judge my mortification to find this second body assembled not by the Southern hand bill, but by the eloquence of an auctioneer who was selling a most wonderful truck-horse! I know not how long I should have been squeezed up in this delightful situation if fortunately a little Exchange fracas which just then occurred had not drawn the whole body into another direction to learn the issue of the dreadful contest! But I was not yet out of difficulty, for as I stood panting in the shade, and endeavouring to brush off the dust which the bustle had collected, the town-crier most unfortunately took a station by my side and began to ring his little alarm bell; the consequence was that I was soon placed in the middle of a mob and was obliged to listen to a recital, with the true nasal twang, of one or two sales of India cargoes and the loss of half a dozen pocket books. E.

For the Emerald.

ON READING.

The art of reading is not so remarkable now, as it was in ancient Rome; but the art of reading *well* is still highly valued for the difficulty of its attainment, and the pleasure which it affords both to the hearer and the speaker. In reading, there are perhaps no rules, by attending to which a man can attain consummate perfection. The difficulty of describing the proper tone, emphasis, cadence, look and manner, surpasses the capacity of language; and *Cicero* himself having exhausted the powers of the Latin tongue in perpetuating the art of oratory, has left at once a proof of his masterly eloquence, and complete evidence that *the enthusiasm of passion, of feeling and deportment cannot be embodied upon paper.* To rules then it would be useless to apply for perfect instruction. Eloquence must be taught by example. As in poetry it is a peculiar beauty that sound should seem an echo to the sense, so in reading, to make that beauty apparent, it is necessary that the voice should be enforced or moderated, melodized or sharpened conformable to the sense of the expression. If the following couplet be pronounced in a rapid manner, the sound would indicate a sense in-

tirely opposite to its proper meaning and intention.

First march the heavy mules securely slow
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er craggs, o'er
rocks they go.

These lines are intended to express a motion difficult, interrupted, and tiresome; and consequently should be pronounced with a laboured sound of voice and an apparent difficulty of utterance.

An example of the rapid and unequal descent of a heavy body is afforded in the two next lines; the manner of reading which it is almost impossible to describe.

Still gath'ring force, it smokes, and urg'd
amain
Whirls, leaps and thunders down impetu-
ous to the plain.

The best way of reading such passages can only be enforced by personal example.

The multitude of bad speakers, which we observe in the pulpit, the bar and the senate, and of bad readers which are daily met with in private circles, naturally induces the belief that every chance would eagerly be sought, which could afford opportunity for improvement, or expectation of pleasure. We so seldom have heard proper pronunciation of English poetry or prose, out of the drama, that novelty, we should imagine, would superadd inducements, to the hopes of excellence. In these opinions we have been somewhat mistaken. A professional gentleman has undertaken a course of readings and recitations, which hitherto have done equal honour to his judgment and taste in selection as to his felicity of execution; but want of success has disappointed expectation, and the town remains indifferent.

To enlarge upon the advantages of attending the exhibitions of Mr. Fennel, would extend our observations beyond the limits prescribed. We cannot forbear however to notice some of the most prominent. The strict morality which is produced from almost every piece he pronounced, produces a series of moral lessons enforced in the best manner for the observance of youth; In this consists its evident superiority over a dramatic exhibition. A play when its moral is unexceptionable, only inculcates a single proposition, and enforces one moral truth. To get at which, the auditor of taste undergoes the pains arising from mutilation of language, impropriety of emphasis, dilapidations of sense and inaccuracies of scenery and costume. But in Mr. Fennel's readings, while the moral truths are multiplied, you are not offended with indelicacy, and while eloquent language is properly enforced, you are not disgusted with the drawbacks of ignorant blustering and effervescent rant.

Mr. Fennel's readings are of practical advantage. Here we are taught to express in the best manner the writings of the best English authors. The audience not confined to hearing sentiments pronounced which can rarely be practiced by themselves, are delighted by Mr. F. with the readings of passages which in social intercourse, most frequently occur; and which of consequence afford the greater instruction from frequency of use.

The representations of the evening are early concluded; and therefore any supposed difficulty on the score of time is easily overruled.—We should recommend to parents to carry their children to the readings and recitations of Mr. Fennel. To the clergy and the bar, also they may be amusing and indeed highly serviceable: for although they may not always hear what they never had before imagined, they may

sometimes be surprised by new conceptions of sense and uncommon force of execution.

The praises we have bestowed on Mr. Fennel, are to be considered by no means unexceptionably constant; he sometimes deviates from the obvious meaning, into new and peculiar modes of thought, and he sometimes disappoints by a want of emphasis when astonishment had almost been realized in anticipation. The critic might make exceptions to the tender and pathetic part of his pronunciation, while the sublime and forcible would extort his unequivocal approbation. But the object of this attempt is commendation and not criticism. The specks which may be discerned, and the blots discoverable by the eye of the accute, may become less obvious when the sunshine of public encouragement sheds its influence upon the undertaking.

We afford Mr. Fennel the highest praise, when we express our wishes that his talents as a speaker should meet with their due encouragement, and his deserts as a man, should receive their merited approbation. PHILOS.

For the Emerald.

THE TOASTS.

THE practice of uttering a sentiment on the drinking of a glass of wine is ancient and general. It is a modulation of the custom of drinking healths or pledging one's friends, which, it is said, took its rise in the time of the Norman invasion of England. The barbarians who then carried arms under William the Conqueror, despising the weak and effeminate English, would frequently stab them at the moment of drinking; to prevent this danger it was usual to pledge the friends of the party who were then enlisted as centinels and bound to mutual protection. There is a sociability and friendliness and oftentimes a solemnity in declarations of this kind.—But toasts or sentiments are of different kinds in different places. At the public entertainments in England we often meet with a string of sentiments in which nothing is consulted but the idea intended to be conveyed; with us however a toast to be considered as good must express some correct and forcible sentiment in the terse and pointed style of an epigram. We look at the manner no less than the matter and are not contented with simply naming our rulers or our government, but consider the sentiment incomplete unless a pointed remark, or a laconic expression is added to the end. On public occasions and at national festivals, these requisites for toasts are considered with no little attention, and a reward of praise is anticipated in proportion to their excellency.

A selection might sometimes be made from those drank at the celebration of our national independence which would amply illustrate the position.

The great political events which occurred about that time gave most of them this year a strong political tendency, and *with politics the Emerald has no concern.* The two or three that follow are to be considered as examples in manner without at all regarding the sentiment.

Hay. May it root out all *Burrs* and cure the *Botts.*

The brave Captain Humphries. WE MEET AGAIN AT PHILIPPI.

The Freedom of our Country. May it descend like an estate tail, till time itself shall have no remainder.

The British LEOPARD. A disgrace to the LION and the UNICORN.

The cannon belligerent. May it be spunged by American *vigilance*, loaded

by American *union*, and touched by patriotic *quick matches*, but fired only in the defence of our independent rights.

Our Navy. The next time it meets an enemy on the ocean, may there be no ladies on board, no cables on deck, and no powder to dry.

We should go farther with selection, but more important events in a great degree excluded the details of this year's celebration from the papers. LEON.

FOR THE EMERALD,

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

PRIDE OF BIRTH.

Is perhaps the last of all foibles of man, that can be borne in the person you should live with: when one has spent the whole day in doing good, one cannot but think it very extraordinary, if a noble were to pretend to any superiority over us, simply because his ancestors had been crusaders!

LITERARY FUND.

The anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund given at Freemason's Hall, in London, boasted a full attendance. An address, being the eleventh anniversary poem, written by William Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq. for the Literary Fund, was recited after dinner, by that gentleman. The following is an extract;

Let not the sons of Vanity and Pride,
The starving author's poverty deride;
In life, perhaps, neglected he may roam,
Without a friend, a comfort, or a home!
Though dull obscurity his days o'ercast,
Yet time does justice to his fame at last;
And many a bard, a moralist, a sage,
Survive the memory of their thankless age!
For, when corroding time in dust shall mould [gold;
The Muse's votary, and the slave of
The wretched miser to the grave descends,
And, with his wealth, his worthless story ends:
Not so the man, who, rich alone in mind, [kind
Bequeaths his all—his talents, to man-
When genius dies, oblivion does not tread [head;
With heavy footsteps on the poet's
Some spark will rise immortal from his urn, [burn!
To light the lamp which shall for ever
Some portion of that pure etherial flame
Aspiring mounts to heav'n from whence it came; [earth,
While grosser matter seeks its native
Alike unnotic'd in its death, or birth.

A CANT TERM.

When a dun was known to be in college, which generally happened in a morning; as it was *ungenteel* to dun in an evening; the alarm was given through the quadrangle, and —"The men sported oak."—That is, they bolted their outward door; and the dun was then in the predicament of a person in genteel life, who has ruined his fortune by hospitality, or is become religious: in the fashionable phrase—"He was not received."

STUPID STORIES.

A stupid story, or idea, will sometimes make one laugh more than wit. I was once removing from Berkeley Square to Strawberry Hill, and had sent off all my books, when a message unexpectedly arrived, which fixed me in town for that afternoon. What to do? I desired my man to rummage for a book, and he brought me an old Grub-street thing from the garret. The author, in sheer ignorance, not humour, discoursing of the difficulty of some pursuit, said, that even if a man had as many lives as a cat, nay, as many lives as one Plutarch is said to have had, he could not accomplish it. This odd *quid pro quo* surprised me into vehement laughter.

Mrs. F's delight, composed by her husband, T. F.

The following old Scottish Song is from a MS. collection of poems written and collected by Mr. Sympson, schoolmaster at Steirling, in the year 1690.—*M. Mag.*

Some men they do delight in hounds,
And some in hawkes take pleasure;
Some do rejoice in war and wounds,
And thereby gain great treasure.

Some men do love on sea to sail;
And some rejoice in riding.
But all their judgments do them fail—
Oh! no such joy as chiding.

When in the morn I ope mine eyes
To entertain the day,
Before my husband e'en can rise,
I chide him—then I pray.

When I at table take my place,
Whatever be the meat,
I first do chide—and then say grace,
If so dispos'd to eat.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
I ever do complain,
Too raw, too roast, too young, too old—
Faults I will find or feign.

Let it be fiesh, or fowl, or fish,
It never shall be said,
But I'll find fault with meat, or dish,
With master, or with maid.

But when I go to bed at night,
I heartily do weep,
That I must part with my delight—
I cannot scold and sleep.

However this doth mitigate,
And much abate my sorrow,
That tho' to-night it be too late,
I'll early scold to-morrow.

BARBER'S POLE.

The origin of the "*barber's pole*" has been the subject of various conjectures among etymologists. Some have supposed it to have been derived from the word *poll* or head; but the true intention of this party-coloured staff, was to shew that the master of the shop practiced surgery, and could breathe a vein as well as take off the beard; such a staff being to this day by every village practitioner put into the hand of a person undergoing the operation of phlebotomy. The white band which encompasses the staff, was designed to represent the fillet, thus elegantly turned about it.

The ancient barbers besides curling the hair and shaving the beards, also trimmed the nails. Anciently a lute or viol, or some such musical instrument, was part of the furniture of a barber's shop, which was then frequented by persons above the ordinary rank, who resorted thither for the cure of wounds, or to undergo some chirurgical operations, or as it was called, to be *trimmed*, a word which signified either shaving, or cutting or curling the hair. These, and also letting of blood, were the ancient occupations of the barber surgeon.

Advertisment—From a London Paper.

Lost or Stolen from the subscriber, some time in December last, a *Maiden's Modesty*. It was first missed in Mr. ————'s *Ball room*, where a number of ladies were rifled of that jewel by a certain personage well known by the name of *Fashion*, long suspected of being an arrant *Thief*, and even a *murderer*; although she is a favourite with genteel company. With her modesty the subscriber also lost her *Shawl* and *Handerchief*, and the *bosom* of her *gown*, which had been plundered of its *sleeves*, the season before. Since the loss of this valuable article the loser has suffered some decay of *health*, a considerable degree of *scandal*, a great decrease of male esteem, and probably some waste or want of prudence and *virtue*; all of which she can but attribute to that insidious and seductive villain, Fashion, who has oftentimes before imposed upon her the greatest hardships, and oppressed her with the greatest rigor. Though the caitiff stole the modesty of many others about the same time, and very strict search has been made ever since to recover the property, but little of it has been obtained; and we are threatened with the ruin or loss of every thing valuable about us, if

the ravages of the monster are not prevented.

It is hoped, therefore, that every lover of good order will interest himself in the detection and arrest of this public disturber, before he corrupts both the manners and morals of the rising and risen generations. On my part, as an incitement of vigilance in apprehending the villain, I promise to whoever shall return the stolen and missing goods to me, the uncovered bosom, the loud laugh, the shameless countenance, and impudent demeanour I have been obliged to exhibit ever since the loss of my proper apparel, with a few colds, asher, stitches, &c. I have taken in my new dress, as a reward for their trouble; with the hearty and sincere thanks of their beguiled friend and humble servant.

CLARA CANDID.

LADIES.

How many are there who, always busy, always eager to search out the faults of their neighbours, arraign them without mercy, to their own judgment—with a truly-good mind may be known by its charity and candor; it remembers that "to punish human errors is the province of Heaven;" and that, where candour cannot excuse, humanity drops a tear over human weakness.

SACERDOS.

Mr. Gostling, a clergyman of Canterbury, was, I am told, the writer of an admirable parody on the noted grammatical line,

Bifrons atque Custos, Bos, Fur, Sus, atque Sacerdos.

It runs thus:

Bifrons ever when he preaches;
Custos of what in his reach is.
Bos among his neighbour's wives;
Fur in gathering of his tithes.
Sus at every parish-feast;
On Sunday, *Sacerdos*, a priest.

A Mr. *Green* opposes Gen. Tarlton as a candidate in the House of Commons from Liverpool. An English wit observes, "that the name of *Green* is ominous to Tarlton, who must remember his unpleasant *race* in America, with Gen. Green, when the English hero rode the *first* horse for a distance of nearly two miles."

DISSENTING PORTRAITS.

What special vanity can overwhelm us with so many portraits of dissenting teachers? I must close my collection. I am sick of such trumpery. They remind me of a visionary, who flourished in the last century. He was at the expence of having a plate engraved, in which, he was represented kneeling before a crucifix, with a label from his mouth, "Lord Jesus do you love me?" From that of Jesus proceeded another label, "Yes, most illustrious, most excellent, and most learned Sigerus; crowned poet of his Imperial Majesty, and most worthy rector of the university of Wittenburg, yes I love you."

Selected for the Emerald.

SELICO.

If we might suppose, as the Parsis say, that this universe is submitted to two principles, of which one performs the little good we find in it, and the other, all the evil with which it abounds, we should be tempted to believe that, above all in Africa, the evil principle exerts its power. No country produces so many poisonous plants, wild beasts and venomous reptiles. The little we know of the history of Morocco, of the negroes of Ardra, of the Jaggas, of other nations along the coast down to the country of the Hottentots, may singularly resemble the history of lions, panthers, serpents, so worthy to share that burning soil with those cannibal kings who send the flesh of their prisoners to the shambles.

In the midst of these disgusting horrors, amongst those sanguinary monsters, of whom some sell their children and others eat their captives, there is sometimes a natural justice found, a virtue, constancy in torments, and a generous contempt of death. Such examples, however rare, are sufficient to interest us for those degraded beings

to remind us that they are men: thus, in a parched desert, two or three patches of verdure, which the traveller discovers from afar, console him and remind him he is still on earth.

In the kingdom of Juida, situated on the coast of Guinea, beyond the Cape of Three Points, not far from the city of Sabi, its capital, there lived, in 1727, a poor widow named Darina. She was mother of three sons, whom she had brought up with a tenderness, happily common in nature, but rare in those climates, where children are regarded as an object of commerce, and sold for slaves by their unnatural parents. The eldest of these sons was named Guberi, the second Teloue, the last Selico. All three were good and sensible: they adored their good mother, who, grown old and infirm, lived only by their care. —The riches of that family consisted in a cottage where they lived together, and a small contiguous field which produced the maize they fed on. Every morning, each in his turn, one of the three brothers went a hunting, the other laboured in the field, the third remained with his mother. In the evening they all met. The hunter brought home partridges, parrots, and sometimes a honeycomb; the cultivator returned with plantains, bananas, yams, and other roots, with cocoa-nuts, and fruits. He who had remained at home had prepared the common repast: they supped all four together, and strove who should be most attentive to their mother; they afterwards received her blessing, and lying down on straw, resigned themselves to sleep till the day-break.

Selico, the youngest brother, often went to the city to carry the first fruits of the crops, the offerings of this poor family, to the temple of the principal God of the country. That God, as is well known, is a great serpent, of the species of those named *Fetiches*, which have no venom, do no harm, but on the contrary devour the venomous serpents, and are so greatly venerated in Juida, that to kill a single one would be looked on as a horrible crime: so that the number of those sacred serpents is infinitely multiplied; in the midst of towns and villages, in every part of the houses, these Gods are found, who come familiarly and eat at the same table with their adorers, sleep near their hearth, and bring forth young in their bed; which last favour is esteemed as a most fortunate presage.

Among the negroes of Juida, Selico was the blackest, the best shaped, and the most amiable: he had seen in the temple of the grand serpent, the young Berissa, daughter of the high priest, who, by her figure, her beauty, her graces, surpassed all her companions. Selico burnt for her, and Selico was beloved: every Wednesday, the day consecrated by the negroes to repose and religion, the young lover went to the temple, he spent the day near his dear Berissa; he talked to her about his mother, about his love, and the happiness they would enjoy when united. Berissa did not conceal from him that she longed for that time; and her father, the old Farulho, who approved those tender ties, and promised, while embracing them, very soon to crown their tenderness.

At last the so much wished-for period approached; the dry was fixed; the mother of Selico, and his two brothers, had already prepared the cabin for the happy pair, when the famous Turo Audati, King of Dahomai, whose rapid conquests have been celebrated even in Europe, invaded the kingdom of Ardra, exterminated its inhabitants, and, advancing at the head of his formidable army, he only halted at the border of the great river which separated him from the King of Juida, who, being a feeble and cowardly prince, governed by his women and his ministers, did not even think of opposing any troops to those of the conqueror: he fancied that the gods of the country were able to guard it from invasion, and ordered all the *Fetiche* serpents that could be found to be conveyed to the river's brink. The Dahomai King surprised, and irritated at having only reptiles to combat, swims across the river with his soldiers, gains the opposite shore; and in a short time all the gods, from whom miracles were expected, are cut to pieces, broiled on charcoal, and devoured by the vanquishers. Upon which the King of Juida, having no hope of being saved by any effort he might make, abandoned his capital, and fled to a distant island, where he secreted himself; and the warriors of Audati, spreading over all his states, with fire and sword, burnt the harvests, the villages,

the towns, and without the least pity, massacred every thing they found alive.

Terror had dispersed the few natives who had escaped the slaughter: the three brothers, as the conquerors drew near, had carried off their mother, and hidden themselves in the woods. Selico would not leave Darina while she remained exposed to danger; but he no sooner found her placed in safety, than, trembling for Berissa, he ran back to Sabi, to save her, or to perish with her. Sabi had just been taken by the Dahomais; the streets flowed with blood, the houses were plundered and destroyed; the king's palace, the temple of the serpent, were now only smoaking ruins, covered with scattered carcasses, of which the barbarians, as is their custom, had carried away the heads. The unfortunate Selico, desperate, wishing for death, braved it a thousand times among the soldiers drunk with brandy and blood; Selico traversed the frightful ruins, seeking Berissa and Farulho, calling them with lamentable cries, yet was not able to recognise their bodies among so many mutilated trunks.

After having devoted five days to this horrid search, and no longer doubting that Berissa and her father had been the victims of the ferocious Dahomais, Selico returned to his mother. He found her in the wood where he had left her with his brothers. The gloomy sorrow of Selico, his air, his wild looks, terrified the afflicted family. Darina deplored his ill fortune; she attempted consolation, to which he appeared insensible; he rejected all food, and resolved to starve himself to death.

Guberi and Teloue did not seek to dissuade him by reasons or caresses; but they showed him their ancient mother, who had no longer house, nor bread, who had nothing in the world but her children; and asked, if at this sight he did not still feel courage to live.

Selico promised it: Selico strove to think on nothing but sharing with his two brothers the tender care they took of the old woman.

They retired deeper into the woods, to a greater distance from Sabi; built themselves a cabin in a remote valley; and by hunting supplied as well as they could their want of maize, and of garden vegetables.

Bereft of their bows, their arrows, and other necessaries which they had not time to take with them, they very soon felt the wants of misery. Fruits were very scarce in that forest, and what little there grew, was contended for by the prodigious number of apes and monkies. The earth produced only grass. They had no instruments to till it with, no seed to sow in it.

The rainy season set in, and horrible famine attacked them. The poor mother, always suffering on a bed of dried leaves, did not complain, but she lay dying. Her sons, extenuated through hunger, were no longer able to go into the woods which were deluged; they set snares for the small birds which came near their cabin; and when they happened to catch one, which was very rarely, as they had not even a bait, they carried it to their mother, and offered it to her, attempting to smile; and the mother would not touch because she could not share it with her children.

Three months passed without bringing any alteration in this terrible situation. Forced at last to contrive something, the three brothers deliberated unknown to Darina. Gubéri first proposed to journey towards the coast, and there, at the first European factory, one of them should sell himself for a slave, in order to purchase with the money, maize, bread, instruments of agriculture, bows, arrows, and what might be necessary for their mother. The two brothers remained in sullen silence.

To part, to quit each other forever, to become a slave to the whites! those ideas made them shudder. Who shall be sold? cried Teloué, with a sorrowful accent. Chance shall decide it, replied Gubéri; let us cast three unequal pebbles into this clay vase; let us mix them together; he who draws the smallest shall be the unfortunate—No, brother, interrupted Selico: chance has already pronounced; it is I whom it rendered the most unfortunate: you forget, then, that I have lost Berissa, that you hindered me from dying, by telling me that I should be useful to my mother. Keep your word; now is the time; sell me.

(To be Continued.)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Lancaster announces for publication by subscription, at twelve copies for a pound, an abbreviated Account of his newly invented Method of instructing the Children of the Poor. Perhaps one of the most interesting spectacles to be seen at present in or near London is the Free School of this benevolent man, situated about two hundred yards from the Obelisk, in St. George's Fields In this School nearly one thousand poor children are rapidly taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, by one master on the plan of Mr. Lancaster, for a total expense not exceeding three hundred pounds per annum. The leading principle of this well regulated and orderly Establishment is, that the senior classes teach the junior, and that emulation through every class is excited by rewards and promotion. The methods of teaching are also much simplified, for example, the children learn to read and write the alphabet at the same time, by forming the letters in sand with their fingers, as each letter is successively called by the monitor; they afterwards learn to read and write monosylables in the same manner, and the precision and rapidity with which the smallest children perform these operations is very surprizing and highly interesting. Aided by this plan, the children of the poor may, without exception, be intiated in the first rudiments of knowledge; and we congratulate the country on the prospect of its speedy adoption by the Legislature, on the introduction of Mr. Whitbread.

Sir John Carr will publish, early in May, the Account of his recent Excursion into Holland, and along the Rhine, to Mentz and Darmstadt. The engravings which will accompany this volume are still more beautiful than those which have accompanied his former works.

Among the other absurdities of the admirers of black letter, and of the literary *petits-maitres* who gave enormous prices for *useless* books, a "modern antique" is announced in a *fac-simile* reprint of the first folio edition of the Works of Shakespeare, in which it is childishly boasted that the type and paper are exactly to correspond with that of the musty original!

Walter Scott's splendid poetical work, now in the press, is divided into six epistles, each epistle descriptive of a particular event, combining, at the same time, one great whole, founded on real or fancied facts in the Highlands of Scotland. The copy-right has been sold to Constable and Co. of Edinburg, and Miller, of Albemarle-Street, London, for one thousand guineas.

Southey's new translation of Prince Palmerin, of England, is nearly ready for publication.

The Rev. T. Dibden is going to publish a new edition of Anes's Typographical Antiquities.

Park's splendid edition of Lord Oxford's Royal and Noble Authors is now published. It is the intention of the Monthly Mirror, critically to analyse the vast additions to this curious work.

Mr. E. Walker has invented a new optical machine, called the Phantasmascope, which is intended to afford entertainment to those who derive pleasure from optical illusions. To a person standing before this machine, a door is apparently opened, and a phantom makes its appearance coming towards him, and increasing in magnitude as it approaches. The phantom appears in the air like a beautiful painting, and in such brilliancy of colouring that it is not necessary to make the room dark; this picture appears to the greatest advantage when it is illuminated. Mr. W. has applied his machine to represent the phases of the moon, the primary planets, and other phenomena in the heavens.

The number of Printing Offices in London are upwards of two hundred, and they employ at least 500 presses. In Edinburgh there were in 1763 six printing-offices; in 1790 twenty-one; in 1800 thirty; in 1805 forty. In the 40 printing-offices now in Edinburgh are employed upwards of 120 printing-presses.

In this town (Boston) there are 22 printing offices, in which 45 presses and about 140 persons are employed.

M. Duvernoy, a young physician, has presented to the National Institute a memoir upon the Hymen, in which he has shown that this singular membrane, hitherto generally regarded as peculiar to the human species, is also found in every animal.

POETRY.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII.
PARODISED.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, &c.

THE man who looks not worth a penny
Where-e'er he rambles fears not any;
Nor, when the shades of ev'ning fall,
Needs he or gunpowder or ball,
But o'er the field unarm'd may stroll,
And never wait for the patrol.

If upon Bagshot's heath he stray,
Or down to Hounslow take his way,
Or over Finchley's Common roam
(The dread of cits returning home),
Each distant bush he dauntless sees,
Nor takes for highwaymen the trees.

For, as I wander'd (wrapt in thought)
Rhiming on Doll, in thread-bare coat,
And lost as night came on my way,
A lurking rogue, in search of prey,
Upon me cast a surely eye,
Survey'd me grimly, and pass'd by.

A rascal of so ill a look,
The gangs of Bow-street never took;
Nor one so practis'd in all ill,
So prompt to steal, to rob or kill:
Chick-lane itself did ne'er produce,
Nor Jack Ketch hamper in his noose.

Let Fortune, if she pleases, frown,
And, to divert her, push me down
Or to the Marshalsea or Fleet,
Where I can only hope to meet
With what the Muse of all things loathes,
With girls, and dice, and gin, and oaths.

Or let her, shifting like the wind,
Or like her sex, for once prove kind,
And, to display her wanton tricks,
Promote me to a coach and six;
One task shall still employ my time,
On Doll's enchanting back to rhyme.

For the Emerald.

WHERE Emma's mouldering ashes lay
Beneath a willow's shade;
Th' unhappy Henry bent his way,
To mourn the lovely maid.
"Break, O my heart, in anguish break,
"My joy's forever fled;
"O grave! thy frantic victim take,
"My love! my Emma's dead!
"Her heart, with sympathetic grief,
"Has bled for others' woe;
"And as she lent the kind relief,
"The pearly tear would flow.
"Sweet girl! beneath yon shady bow'r,
"I claim'd her for my bride;
"Yes, she had fix'd the nuptial hour,
"It came, and Emma died.
"Why sleeps thy bolt, Almighty Pow'r,
"Thy lightnings flash in vain;
"My weary spirit would adore
"The hand that ends my pain!"
He ceas'd; for nature's pangs were o'er;
While pitying Heav'n forgave,
His anguish'd bosom throbb'd no more,
He died on Emma's grave! S.

TRIFLES.

IN the search of happiness,
Trifles fondly we caress;
In the gloom of adverse fate,
Trifles add to misery's weight.
Trifles, when we hope, can cheer,
Trifles hurt us, when we fear.
Britain's character is such,
Trifles joy us over much;
If defeat attend our cause,
Trifles give that joy a pause.
Trifles often turn the scale,
When in love or law we fail;
Trifles to the great commend,
Trifles make proud beauty bend.
Trifles prompt the poet's strain,
Trifles oft distract the brain;
Trifles, Trifles, more or less,
Give us, or withhold success;
Thus, what'er we undertake,
Trifles raise, or Trifles shake.

ANACREONTIC.

THE Paphian Boy, my blooming Fair
Nestless within this heart of mine
And feel how warm he trembles there
Awaken'd by that touch of thine.
Have you not mark'd when infants weep
As fears their little breasts alarm,
How soon their murmurs sink to sleep
When folded fast in Beauty's arm?
Love is a child, my girl, you know,
Then take him to thy breast of snow
And on that Heaven of Beauty bless
Oh! let him tremble into rest!

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